

all. All over the world the same feeling was spread, and the discovery of a book of Levy, hunted for as if all future happiness depended on it, would have been hailed as an event of national importance. Nothing went down so fast as that book.—

"Is there spots here Thebes was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield."

Then came into education the Pagan element, and there it is still—perhaps somewhat too much of it. Our boys are well grounded in the adventures of Jupiter, though they are taught nothing of the arts which have given form to the beautiful fables; they are made to know thoroughly all the Labours of Hercules, to the exclusion sometimes of a knowledge of the labours of to-day, which are adorning, comforting, and lengthening life. The right or wrong in this, however, is a greater question than I may venture to solve. After Palladio, Bernini and others ran wild, and absurdities of all sorts were committed.

The Reformation, I need not tell you, aided in leading to the abandonment of Gothic architecture in our country. This style came to be regarded as tending to maintain the superstitions and abuses the Reformers were striving to correct. Churches were spoiled or sold; statues broken, painted glass knocked out, carvings hewed down. "Destroy the nests," said Knox, "and the crows will not come back." The energy with which the work of demolition was carried on under the Parliament, rather later, is shown forcibly in the Journal of William Dowling, who was appointed to destroy pictures and ornaments of churches in 1643:—"Bramford, Feb. 1st," says he, "we brake down 841 superstitious pictures." "Broke in pieces the rails;" "took down twenty cherubims;" and "we broke in pieces the organ cases," are recurring entries.

The mode of building which followed the decline of Gothic architecture in England and preceded the complete introduction of Italian architecture, is known as *Elizabethan*, and presents a curious mixture of the two styles, of which I gave you an example (fig. 32) in my last letter. This style belongs especially to the sixteenth century, when the nobility and men of wealth indulged themselves in the erection of enormous country-houses, but it extends to the seventeenth. Though often incongruous and unmeaning, the architecture of this period is exceedingly picturesque, and allowed of much greater convenience in residences than had been obtainable before. Audley Inn, Essex; Hatfield, Herts; and Wollaton Hall, in Nottinghamshire (1588) may be mentioned as good examples.

John Shute, "paynter and architecte," published "the first and chiefest Grounds of Architecture used in all the ancient and famous Monuments" in 1563; and John Thorpe built a large number of the Elizabethan houses, including Longford Castle, Wiltshire, and Holland House in Kensington,—the latter in 1607.

It was left for Inigo Jones, to bring back a purer style. Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," says—"If a table of fame were to be formed for men of real and indisputable genius in every country, Inigo Jones would save England from the disgrace of not having her representative among the arts." Delacroix, in his great picture at the Academy of Fine Arts in Paris, has practically said the same thing, and has not found another Englishman to introduce amongst his worthies. The father of Inigo Jones, a clothworker, appears to have been in indifferent circumstances, and apprenticed his son to a joiner. Inigo, however, early displayed so much skill as a draughtsman as to attract the notice of the Earl of Pembroke, who ultimately sent him to Italy to study landscape painting, where he acquired friends and reputation as an architect, and was enabled, after a second visit to Italy, to obtain the appointment of Surveyor-General to James I. in England.

Jones, like many other great men, owed much to the time in which he lived. Ancient art was scarcely known in England; her wonders had not been engraved in a thousand forms, and distributed universally as now, so that

when Jones produced in England the Italian style of architecture, practised by Vignola, Palladio, and others, he was at once considered as a great originator. The Banqueting House, White Hall, was intended to form a part of a very extensive palace designed by him for James I. and a noble palace it would have been.

One of his most celebrated works was a Corinthian portion of large size attached to the west end of the Gothic cathedral old St. Paul's, an exhibition of bad taste, for which he has been justly blamed. Public opinion, however, was at that time different from what it is now: pointed architecture had fallen into contempt; and all who had obtained classic knowledge, whether in literature or art, were proud to display it. Jones and his scholar Webb were the fashionable architects; and, for a long time, few large buildings were erected without the assistance of one of them. Jones was employed in the production of masques for the court, and Ben Jonson, who was his colleague in some of these, estranged him on various occasions afterwards, when they had quarrelled, as Inigo Jones, Vitruvius Hoop, and as "Medley the Joiner, In and In, of Islington." The Water-gate in the Strand, and the Church of St. Paul, Covent-garden, are of his design; and so, too, are some houses in Great Queen-street, Holborn. The civil war brought him sorrow; he died in 1632, was buried in the church of St. Benet, Paul's-wharf, and there is no monument to his memory.

The national troubles of course impeded the progress of the arts, but so soon as they subsided, a noble successor of Inigo was found in Christopher Wren.

Wren was born in 1632, and when at Oxford distinguished himself at an early age by zeal, talent, and perseverance. In all studies he made himself master; at one time inventing a machine for planting, or one for writing with two pens at the same instant, and at another composing Latin orations and treatises on abstruse mathematical points. He was thought "a miracle of a youth," and with justice. He does not seem to have studied architecture professionally, but having acquired profound knowledge of it, and given evidence of this, he was engaged by Charles II. to assist in some proposed works, and was appointed Deputy Surveyor-General. It would be impertinent to put before you the whole course of his life; suffice it to say, that the Great Fire of London (that fortunate visitation) provided the finest opportunity for him to exhibit his skill and knowledge that ever fell to the lot of an architect.

Previously to that event the streets of the metropolis were narrow and ill-arranged, the houses mostly of wood, ugly, and unwholesome, and yet then as now (and unfortunately now as then), what the people had always before their eyes they were satisfied with; they saw no occasion for improvement, and would have allowed matters to remain just as they were, and have looked quietly on while thousands were periodically carried off by the plague. As Ralph says, "Habit sanctifies everything with the multitude; and even that deformity to which they are accustomed becomes beauty in their eyes." *As fine as London upon the bridge*, was formerly a proverbial saying in the city; and many a serious-sensible tradesman used to believe that heap of enormities to be one of the seven wonders of the world, and next to Solomon's Temple the finest thing that ever art produced. The Fire led to improvement, but it was a costly way of doing it.

Wren erected fifty parish churches, crowned by the noblest of modern buildings,—St. Paul's Cathedral,—besides a vast number of secular edifices. In the erection of St. Peter's at Rome, which is almost necessarily quoted in comparison with St. Paul's, more than twenty architects had been engaged,—Bramante, Raffaele, Michelangelo, Fontana, Bernini, Maderno, and others,—while Wren planned and perfected his noble pile alone and unassisted. St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and the steeples of Bow Church and St. Bride's are amongst his best works. He, too, had persecutions to endure,—his hostile

of life to fight,—but as Bishop Sprat wrote to him in consolation,—

"Heroic souls a nobler lustre find,
E'en from those griefs which break a vulgar mind:
That frost which cracks the brittle common glass,
Makes crystal into stronger brightness pass."

This great man, who lived "not for himself, but for the public good," fell asleep in his chair after dinner on the 25th of February, 1723, when he was in his 91st year, and did not wake again here!

Sir John Vanbrugh, known also as a dramatist, succeeded Wren as a leading architect, and built Blenheim, and Castle Howard in Yorkshire: he was an original genius, and paid the penalty for that crime by being lampooned and abused in epigrams.

"Lie heavy on him, earth; for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee,"

wrote one.

"Lo! What huge heaps of littleness around,
The whole a labour'd quarry above ground,"

said Pope. And again,

"How Van wants grace!"

Abuse in rhyme, which can be remembered easily, soon passes current with the crowd as truth. His invention and power of picturesque arrangement were great; but all that he did was ascribed to a frivolous affectation of novelty. His reputation has become greater than himself, "as shadows do at nightfall." Hawksmoor, Gibbs, Lord Burlington, and others followed Vanbrugh in the Italian style; pointed architecture remaining despised. Hawksmoor built, amongst other structures, the church of St. Mary Woolnoth, in Lombard-street, and St. George's, Bloomsbury, the steeple of which is crowned by a statue of King George I. I dare say you have met with the often-quoted epigram thus induced:—

"When Henry VIII. left the Pope in the lurch,
The Protestants made him the head of the church;
But George's good subjects, the Bloomsbury people,
Instead of the church, made him head of the steeple."

Lord Burlington (Richard Boyle) did much to encourage the revived style of architecture. The colonnade within the court of Burlington House, Piccadilly, and the Duke of Devonshire's villa at Chiswick, are some of his works. He designed, too, the house in Cork-street, for General Wade, concerning which Lord Chesterfield said, according to Walpole, that the owner "could not live in it, but intended to take the house over against it to look at it."

Pope, addressing Lord Burlington, writes:—

"Yet shall (my lord) your just and noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools:
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty, many blunders make.
Load some vain church with odd theatric state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate;
Reverse your ornaments and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole c'd with ends of wall;
Then class four slices of plaster on't,—
That, laced with bits of rustie, makes a front."

The anticipation was literally fulfilled.

Walpole says, speaking of the architects of his time,—"considering how scrupulously our architects confine themselves to antique precedent, perhaps some deviations into Gothic may a little relieve them from that servile imitation. I mean that they should study both tastes, not blend them,—that they should dare to invent in the one, since they will hazard nothing in the other. When they have built a pediment and portico, the stumpy circular temple, and tacked the wings to a house by a colonnade, they seem as *bout de leur Latine*. If half-a-dozen mansions were all that remained of old Rome, instead of half-a-dozen temples; I do not doubt but our churches would resemble the private houses of Roman citizens. Our buildings must be as Vitruvian, as writers in the days of Erasmus were obliged to be Ciceroian."

The writer of the passage quoted, himself, then made an early attempt at Strawberry Hill to revive the use of Gothic architecture, and produced a miserable puerility, which you may still see. The witness of the result showed how entirely all knowledge of its principles had been